

THE JUDGMENT.

Thou hast done evil
And given place to the devil;
Yet so cunningly thou conceal'st
The thing which thou feelest,
That no eye can see it.
Setan himself denieth it.
So where it chooseth the
There is none that accuseth thee:
Neither for nor lover
Will the wrong uncover;
The world's breath raiseth thee,
And thy own past praileth thee.

Yet know thou this:
At quick of thy being
Is an eye, all seeing,
The snake's wit evadeth not,
The charmed lip persuadeth not;
So thoroughly it despoileth
The thing thy hand prizeth,
That the sun were thy clothing,
It should count thee for nothing.
Thine own eye divineth thee,
Thine own soul arraigneth thee:
God himself cannot shrieve thee
Till that judge forgive thee.
—Dora Read Goodale in Independent.

A MODERN GHOST.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lindsay sat together one winter evening in their cozy sitting room in their pleasant little house at Melrose Highlands.

"I should not be afraid of a ghost if I should see a live one," said John, putting down his evening paper.

"Why, ghosts never are alive, are they?" asked his wife.

"Well, that depends," answered John; "here is an account of a meeting of the Psychological society." He rattled his newspaper. "It seems from this that modern ghosts are pretty lively if not exactly alive. They don't go around with sheets over their heads and moan nowadays like old fashioned ghosts. They seem to have tasted of the spirit of progress of the age."

Dora was knitting a silk sock for her husband, and she asked him to hold up his slipper to let her judge the length of his foot.

"I should really like to see a ghost," said John, obeying his wife.

As he spoke, there was a loud ringing of the front door bell. It was one of the clapper bells with a gong attached to the inside of the door, and the ringing of this bell, twice repeated, was annoying.

"I wish folks wouldn't break the door down," growled John, rising to go to open it; "and I don't see why it is always the girl's night out." He went through the parlor, which was dimly lighted, and into the bright hall. Dora came out into the back of the hall where she could hear who came, yet be out of sight behind the jog of the wall where the hall wall made room for the sitting room door.

"Good evening," she heard John say, civilly.

"Is Mrs. Lindsay at home?" asked a strange voice—a man's voice.

"Yes," answered John. His questioning tone, his manner of waiting, indicated that he wished to know the stranger's business.

"It is a bitter cold night," said the stranger. "It is a cold winter we are having."

"Will you step in?" said John.

Dora drew back into the sitting room. She heard her husband close the front door, open the register in the hall and give the visitor a chair. Now this is a wide, roomy place, in the modern fashion, more of a reception room than merely an entrance; but Dora did not quite like to have her husband seat there a visitor who had inquired for her. Besides, she wanted to see who it was. So she went out to the hall through the parlor and inquired, just before she stepped into the hall:

"Who was it came, John?"

Then seeing the visitor sitting by the register she said:

"Oh, excuse me; I'm sure I hope you will excuse me."

She was very much embarrassed by her own ruse; for neither the stranger nor her husband even glanced at her, and Dora saw that her husband was paler than she had ever seen him. His gaze was fixed intently upon the stranger. Dora could see nothing alarming in their visitor. He was a middle aged man, stout and tall, with dark hair sprinkled with gray. He wore a pair of sealskin gloves. The rest of his outfit looked comfortable and suitable for a sharp winter evening. The sealskin gloves looked unusually large. Dora stared at them with some curiosity as she advanced.

"Did you wish to see me, sir?" she asked.

The stranger looked at her.

"Yes," he said, "if you are Mrs. Lindsay."

"I am," said Dora with dignity.

"Will you ask your husband to step into some room out of hearing? My business is with you alone."

"My business is always my husband's. No one can have any business with me which is not his," said Dora, moving to John's side, her nerves beginning to shiver a little at the visitor's manner.

"I prefer to step out of hearing, Dora," said John coldly, glancing at her now with an expression which both terrified and angered her, it was so unlike him. Pride and fear struggled within her for an instant, then pride won.

"Very well," she said. "Go if you wish, John." He did not start.

"You perceive that he cannot," said the visitor. "I hypnotized him as he opened the door, and he is under the control of my will: I gave you a complete test at once of my power. You know that of his own will your husband would not leave you under these circumstances. He says he prefers to go because of my power."

"I am glad he is hypnotized then," said Dora with feeling. She slipped her hand into John's. "It makes me love you more to know that you would not go of your own free will," she whispered.

"Don't whisper to me!" said John Lindsay sharply in return.

Dora laughed.

"Now, how much do you want, or do want us to get up an exhibition for you or something? Mr.—Mr.—," she hesitated.

"My name is Connellton," said the stranger. "No, I do not want to get up

an exhibition. I am a ghost. I merely looked in in response to an invitation from your husband. He said he should like to see a ghost. This is a pleasant house you have here. I should like to look over it. In fact I am house hunting, and I like this entrance. I think this house would suit me to haunt. I think a ghost ought to be very particular about the sort of house he haunts."

"This house is not for sale," said Dora. "It is our own. We mean to keep it."

"You will please show me over the house," said Mr. Connellton to John Lindsay, with a courteous wave of the hand to Mrs. Lindsay.

"Certainly," Mr. Connellton. Dora, my dear, come with us," said John.

Dora suddenly threw her arms about him and kissed him.

"John, darling!" she cried. "Do throw off this dreadful spell and send this horrible man away. I don't believe he is a ghost at all, and anyway we don't want him going all over our house. Send him away!"

She kissed John again, but his lips gave her no response. He stalked up the stairs, followed by Connellton, and there was nothing for Dora to do but to follow. Over the pretty house they went from room to room—Dora's bedroom, her sewing room, the guest chamber, all of the closets, through the bathroom, up into the attic and down again went the three, where outside the wild winter wind was making the pine trees moan and bend; down to the front hall again and through the parlor into the cozy sitting room. It seemed to Dora half a lifetime since half an hour ago when she and John sat there so cozy and happy and not afraid.

Connellton spoke for the first time during their tour of inspection. "This is a pleasant room," he said.

"Very," said John Lindsay.

"You are happy here, evenings?"

"Very," said John again, and grinned in such a foolish manner that Dora felt ashamed of him before Connellton.

"How happy are you, dancing happy? jiggling happy?" asked Connellton. "If so, you may dance a jig."

"Oh, Mr. Connellton, he can't jig!" cried Dora in distress; but John could and did. He jigged about the room for five minutes, while Dora stood beside the portiere fairly faint between fright at his doing it at all and amusement at the ridiculousness of his antics. Mr. Connellton stood on the white goatskin rug before the fire and laughed heartily, as might be expected of a hypnotizing ghost.

"I haven't had so much fun since I was on earth the first time," he said at last. "We will now look at the kitchen and dining room and cellar, and inspect the furnace." So the journey over the house was continued in silence, except for short utterances of approval on the part of Mr. Connellton, and an exclamation of annoyance from Dora when he gravely broke off a large fragment from the side of a fresh loaf of cake in her pantry and more gravely ate it, scattering crumbs as he went.

"We will go up stairs again," said Connellton when they came back to the sitting room. "I see from the arrangement of this house that there must be a good sized bedroom over the dining room which I have not seen. We will look at that." John led the way and Dora followed him.

"This is a very pleasant room," said Connellton when they reached it and John had lit the gas; "I think I will occupy this permanently. I am tired and will go to bed at once." He sat down on a low chair near the register. John Lindsay moved mechanically forward to lower the gas which was blazing too high. By a lucky accident he awkwardly knocked off the glass globe, and in the attempt to save it from falling to the floor, thrust his hand into the flame. The gas instantly neutralized the peculiar form of hypnotism which had been exerted over him, and in full possession of all his faculties John Lindsay turned upon the intruder into his home.

"You miserable ghost of a hypnotizer," said he, "I see through you! Clear out of my house or I'll break every cartilage in your backboneless body!"

He advanced toward Connellton, who abraded and shrank as he approached. There was scarcely a figure the size of a thirteen-year-old boy remaining in the low chair when John Lindsay stood over it with clinched fists. Only the sealskin gloves remained—as large as ever!

"Why did you come here? What business have you here?" thundered Lindsay.

"You said you should really like to see a real live ghost," whimpered Connellton, "so I came in. I was a successful hypnotizer before I became a ghost, so I thought I would try it on you."

"With too good success," said Dora, coming bravely forward. "Now, Mr. Connellton, I want to know if you are always in this—this shape? I thought ghosts can make themselves invisible if they try?"

"They can. I can," answered Connellton.

"Well, I'll tell you what we will do for you," said Dora, "for really it is too cold weather to turn even a ghost out of doors; if you will make yourself invisible you can have the use of this room free until spring. You don't mind renting out a room, do you, John, so long as we don't get any pay for it?"

"Yes I do, Dora," said Lindsay. "It's just like your generous heart to offer to keep Connellton, but we can't afford to do it. Now be off with you."

So Connellton arose and his lessened figure crept dejectedly down stairs and out of the house.

Just before he opened the front door, he gave Mrs. Lindsay one of the large sealskin gloves. He threw it down at her feet. "It's a trophy," he said mournfully. "Keep it for my sake."

Dora Lindsay put a big bow on it and tied it around the middle with a piece of ribbon, and keeps it up over one corner of the mirror in the dining room chamber, as a souvenir.—Minna Smith in Boston Transcript.

Never Reads.

Green—Old Scroggins says he never reads what the papers say about him.

White—I notice that his replies always begin, "It having been called to my notice."—Lake Shore News.

WHAT THEY TALK ABOUT.

Conversation Overheard on the Summer Hotel Piazza.

We all know about the piazza conversation in summer—how without any preconcerted arrangement or signals every woman in the house, excepting those who are earning wages, will get into one small space at certain hours. It is generally a corner where the east wind doesn't dampen around too much, and where the mail bag can be seen approaching. Without acknowledging it to herself even it is these summer gatherings that woman looks forward to form the bright content of her summer outing.

The drives, the baths, the hops, the views, all pass like a pleasant panorama of last summer before the winter woman's eye, but if she would admit it, she would say that the idle lounging on the piazza, with the happy sense of irresponsibility from domestic cares, was the attractive bit of color to her in the whole picture. She couldn't remember anything that was said. It was all nonsense to say they gossiped all the time; it was simply a subtle agreement to give way to idle thoughts, and idle thoughts are not so very heinous.

One of these inspiring conversations is something as follows:

"Where is Mrs. Lilac?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I."

"Anybody knows?"

"No."

Silence and rocking.

"Oh, here's Mrs. Lilac."

"Oh, yes, here she is."

"Just speaking of you, Mrs. Lilac."

"Yes, I didn't know where you were."

"Neither did I."

"Nor I."

"See the surf this morning?"

"Yes, indeed. Grand!"

"Lovely!"

"Never saw anything like it."

"Neither did I."

"Nor I."

"Do you bathe?"

"No; doesn't agree with me."

"How funny! Doesn't with me."

"Nor me either."

"Nor me."

"Lots of work to get all your clothes off."

"And your boots."

"And hair."

"And so sticky you have to really take two baths."

"That's so; you do."

"That's a fact."

"Awful bother."

"So I think."

"Don't you think it is a very sleepy atmosphere here?"

"Just what I was saying to my husband the other day."

"Why, so was I."

"I can't seem to do anything at all."

"Nor accomplish anything."

"Not a thing."

All yawn.

"Do you suppose they'll have blueberry cakes for supper?"

"I hope so. I love them."

"With syrup?"

"No, sugar."

"Lovely."

"Delicious."

"Ever eat any brownies?"

"What's brownies?"

"Never heard of it."

"Neither did I."

"Nor I."

"Why, it's green huckleberries."

"Oh, is that all?"

"Thought it was pudding."

"Or some kind of breakfast stuff like oatmeal."

"For a drink like mint julep."

"So did I."

"Wish we had some mint julep."

"Wouldn't it be lovely?"

"Do you suppose we could get any?"

"Yes. Do you?"

"No, I don't suppose we could."

"No, I guess we couldn't."

"Wish we could have a hop here."

"Yes, wouldn't it be nice?"

"Lots of fun."

"For the young folks."

"Oh, yes; that's what I mean."

"So do I."

"We might clear the dining room."

"And trim it up."

"And hire those fiddlers in the next town."

"And all dress up?"

"Of course, all dress up."

"In our very best?"

"Be lots of work though."

"I know it; so it would."

"I don't care much about it."

"Neither do I. I only happened to think of it."

"So did I."

"Nothing venture, nothing have."

"That's so."

"I wish I could be energetic."

"Energetic people accomplish so much."

"Don't they?"

"I love to watch them."

"I do."

All rock.

"See that sail on the water."

"I suppose it's a schooner?"

"I should say so."

"I guess it is."

"Must be."

"Must be dreadful to be pitched about so."

"Awful!"

"Wouldn't be on it for anything."

"Neither would I."

"Messes you up so to sail."

"Spoils your dress."

"And then your nose."

"So red."

"And shiny."

"Smell the fish?"

"Smells good."

"Lovely."

"Nice."

"Well, I haven't accomplished a thing today."

"Neither have I."

"Nor I."

"But, then, I never do in summer."

"I don't."

"I don't pretend to."

"Nor I."

"Every year I say I'm going to."

"Oh, yes, I do too."

"Every spring."

"Yes, so do I."

"But that's all."

"Yes, that's all."

All smile.

"Like to read?"

"Something interesting."

"Yes, real good."

"Like 'Miss Meander' in The Saturday Evening Gazette?"

"Oh, sometimes I do and sometimes I don't."

"Yes, sometimes she's good and sometimes she isn't."

"Yes, that's what I think."

"So do I."

"I do too."

It will be seen that there isn't the least element of gossip in this, yet Tom Jones says these piazza conversations somehow do not tend to elevate his wife.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Cut for a New Deal.

A Chicago parson, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics. The first boy took it awhile and said:

"I pass."

The second boy took it, and said:

"I turn it down."

The third boy stared at it awhile, and drawled out:

"I can't make it."

"Very good, boys," said the parson; "we will proceed to cut for a new deal."

And with this remark the leather danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.—National Weekly.

Prevailing Styles.



FOR THE PRISON. FOR THE SEASIDE. Life.

What He Didn't Have.

He had a lot of fly traps strung over his shoulder, and as he heaved in sight through the alley gate the lady of the house saw him from the kitchen window and laid for him.

"Good afternoon, mum," he said, taking off the traps and spreading them at her feet as she stood in the doorway. "I have here a—"

"Yes, I see," she interrupted, "but I don't want them. Have you a machine that will make old eggs fresh again?"

"No, mum," replied the astonished peddler. "I—"

"Well, then have you any freezers that will make warm ice cream?"

"No, mum, I—"

"No! Have you any recipes for making strong butter weak?"

"No, mum, but I—"

"No! Have you any scales that will make heavy bread light?"

"No'm, not to—"

"Indeed? Have you any spectacles for cross eyed potatoes?"

"Well, mum, it's this way, you—"

"Certainly I do. Have you a nice, light straw hat for the head of the kitchen flour barrel?"

"No, I—"

"Gracious me!" she exclaimed sharply. "What have you got anyway? Nothing in the line of vats in which to tan a tomato skin, have you?"